

peculiar *Kar-ruck* note it uttered and protested all the Crow and Hawk nest robberies I committed within a radius of a half a mile of its stand. I cannot say for certain whether it had a mate in 1898 or not, although I did not note it about at the time; but investigation failed to discover the male in 1899, and the fact that I failed to take a set of eggs in the three years from this section of the woods although all nests were examined, is significant. The male may have joined another female or as it is highly probable that they mate for life, he may have been shot. The female was undoubtedly barren and to all appearance *insane*. It had probably received some injury about the brain, perhaps from a grain of shot. It was my intention to have secured it for examination but as it was not in its haunts in 1900, my opportunity had passed.

FRANK L. BURNS, *Berwyn, Penna.*

A WISCONSIN BIRD PARADISE.

It was a beautiful afternoon the third week in May, when a friend and myself rode out about four miles into the country, tied our horse in a kindly farmer's yard and struck into the woods. At the edge of the woods a Rose-breasted Grosbeak was singing joyfully. We stood and looked at him for several minutes. A few rods farther on a Scarlet Tanager flew across our path and while I was looking at him my friend saw the Ovenbird walking sedately down a log. We soon came to a clearing, fringed around the edge with half grown maples and poplars, with a grove of beautiful large maples in the center. An old log house to one side with the dense woods all around. It was an ideal spot for birds, and we looked and looked and it seemed as if we could not admire it all enough. While admiring the scenery a loud chip caused us to look around, when we saw the Scarlet Tanager's beautiful mate. She looked at us for a second, then flew up into a tree, and upon following her with our eyes, saw she was perched beside her brilliant mate. Later on I saw them building a nest in an old dead tamarack tree in the dense woods. Following an old grassy road we came to an old tumbled down log bridge,

which we crossed a shallow brook. One side of the stream was the dense woods, the other a tangle of bushes about ten feet high and the ground rather swampy. Sitting down on an old log my friend and myself held our field glasses in readiness for anything. We could hear the Grosbeak still singing, and the bushes seemed alive with Warbler songs.

Soon a loud splash, and a Rose-breasted Grosbeak was bathing not ten feet from us. He splashed around well then flew up in a low tree and went to pruning his feathers. In a moment a Chickadee went through the same performance, then two Blackburnian Warblers made their appearance a little further on, and they bathed repeatedly and then sat on a tree in plain sight and made their toilet.

Then came a pair of Chestnut-sided Warblers followed by two Black-throated Green Warblers and all the time the concert was going on. Finally we had to leave and the birds were still bathing. The next week, I went alone, to the same spot, and sat down, in a second a Chipping Sparrow come to the bathing place, then a Chickadee, then several Chestnut-sided Warblers, then followed a Parula Warbler, the first one I had ever seen, then a Black and White Creeper and several Red-eyed Vireos. The concert was something bewildering. A Catbird sang just back of me, and the Grosbeaks and Red-eyed Vireos kept up a perpetual singing. In a distance the flute-like song of a Thrush reached me and over all was the call of *Teacher Teacher Teacher*.

I did wish every bird lover could see this beautiful spot. Our Northern woods seem very rich in birds. So many species that the bird books pronounce rare we see very often.

E. S. G., *Antigo, Wis.*

NOTES ON THE MERGANSER SUB-FAMILY.

In the latter part of February the ice in Cuyahoga river breaks up and the first northbound migrants are American Mergansers. First comes the drakes in gaudy white and black dress, and by the first week in March they are gone and the dun-colored females and immature males come in with the Mal-